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move it, and Mr. Morris Hillquit, a tribune of the people and a leading exponent of Socialistic doctrine, to second it. The resolution is as follows:

WHEREAS the attendance at the various Shakespeare performances during the past theatrical season and the widespread interest displayed in the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration have demonstrated that the people in all walks of life are ready to respond to the appeal of serious art, and

WHEREAS the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee has succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of a great many different organizations towards an adequate expression of the community spirit in art, and

WHEREAS it appears desirable to perpetuate and enlarge such co-operation and to endeavor to give comprehensive expression, definite aim and systematic guidance to what has heretofore been mainly

indeterminate aspiration and sporadic and scattered effort,

Be It Resolved that the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the New York City Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee constitute themselves into a permanent organization, with power to add to their number, in order to serve the cause of art and more particularly that of the stage and of the pageant, and to foster and give expression to the community spirit and to community effort in art.

Further Resolved that the Chairman be directed to appoint a committee for the purpose of devising ways and means to carry into effect the sense of this resolution and that such committee report its recommendations and conclusions to a joint meeting of the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee, such meeting to be called by the Chairman at as early a date as practicable.

THE CENTURY PLANT

FROM out of the Shadowland there came a Sower of Seed.

Far and wide he flung them, and some fell at his feet and some were carried far by winds.

The Sower of Seed paused and smiled a whimsical smile. He drew from under his robe, where he carried it over his heart, a very small bag, and carefully opening it he took out one seed.

Long he held the tiny seed—musing: "from out of my precious seed will I give but one—perhaps men will find it—but we shall see."

Once upon a day some good people paused to gaze upon a plant that raised its head in the bright sunshine. They called many people together that they might marvel at that which they had found.

"It is a rare plant" they said "and it shall not die for lack of nourishment." So every one set to work and pulled up all the plants and weeds that grew too near so that nothing might interfere with its growth.

Every day it was patiently tended and watered and it grew apace. They who watched wondered at its strength as it grew taller and yet taller.

"It is a rare plant" they all murmured, and held their breaths when a bud was seen shooting forth.

At last the bud opened out to the glad sunshine. All gathered about it breathlessly. Wonderful! Wonderful!" they cried. "Was its like ever seen before?"

"No!" cried all with one accord.

A poet sauntering by heard the cries and drew near, that he too might see this thing at which so many marveled.

"Is it not wonderful?" they asked of him. "We discovered it, and without our help this world would never have seen the flowering of this great and rare plant!"

The poet smiled. "Wonderful it is" said he "for all that Nature gives is so; but after all it is only a beautiful sunflower; but over there—quite neglected—I see a Rare Plant growing."

But the people were so offended, they would hardly notice the other plant that grew so near. Still, their curiosity drew them to the spot where the poet stood marveling over that which he had called a Rare Plant.

"This plant" said he "blooms once in a hundred years. Some do not know it when it falls in their way. Its perfume is wondrous. It may have bloomed without my care, but perhaps I was born a poet in order that I should find this plant."

But the others only laughed at him and called him mad. Yet when the time was ripe and the other plant opened to the world, all of those people came forth and said they too had watched its growth.

And the poet only smiled.

Margaret de Coligny

